THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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THE DIAMOND PIN.

A MORAL TALE.

CONSTANCY in a husband does not always (more is the pity) ſecure the fidelity of a wife; but it is highly probable that many married women would never have been vagrants from virtue, if thoſe who had vowed a perpetual attachment at the altar, had not by their deſertion thrown them into the way of irreſiſtible temptations.

In conſequence of a preſſing invitation from his friend, ſir Charles Dawſon, colonel Bedley left his lodgings in the city to ſpend a few weeks with him at Dawſon Grove; he was the more ready to accept of it, as he had not ſeen his old friend ſince his arrival from England, where he had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of an eminent merchant, and married her.

Sir Charles received him with his uſual warmth of affection, having been long acquainted with him, and always found him amiable in his manners, as he was entertaining in his converſation.

Lady Dawſon received the Col. as her huſband's friend in the politeſt manner; and as ſhe had never ſeen him before, was ſtruck with his appearance; he was indeed a ſtriking figure; he was extremely handſome without being the leaſt effeminate, and had all the gracefulneſs of a man of the firſt faſhion in his carriage.

The moment ſhe was alone with ſir Charles ſhe could not help ſaying the Col. was one of the moſt agreeable men ſhe ever ſaw in her life.

She ſpoke theſe words very innocently; and ſir Charles did not, as ſome huſbands would have done, put any unfair conſtruction upon them. He ſaid, in reply, that Bedley was indeed an agreeable fellow, and as worthy a creature as ever exiſted.

Bedley was as much ſtruck at lady Dawſon's appearance, as ſhe could poſſibly have been at his, and his admiration increaſed every time ſhe came in his ſight. Her beauty, in ſhort, operated ſo powerfully upon him, that he began to feel himſelf very uneaſy, becauſe he found a paſſion ſwelling in his breaſt, which he could not, he knew, gratify, without being guilty of an action too atrocious to be thought of by a man who had the leaſt idea of morality. He was certainly in a trying ſituation; for ſir Charles being of a roving diſpoſition, and having affairs with all the pretty girls within ſeveral miles of him, whom he could bribe to a compliance with his amorous wiſhes, frequently left his Harriet and the Col. together, not only for hours, but whole days, undiſturbed with any ſuſpicions about the continence of the one, or the honor of the other.

Bedley finding lady Dawſon one day in tears, during ſir Charles's abſence from home, was ſo much affected that he could not refrain himſelf from entreating her with great earneſtneſs to acquaint him with the cauſe of her ſorrow, that he might do every thing in his power to alleviate it at leaſt, if its entire removal was not to be hoped for from his active endeavors in her ſervice. He even ventured to preſs her hand, while he ſpoke, but in the moſt reſpectful manner, to convince her the more forcibly of the concern which her affliction excited in his ſympathiſing breaſt.

She made no reply to his repeated ſolicitations, repeated every time with additional energy, but having ſat ſome moments ſobbing, as if her heart would break, haſtily withdrew her hand and quitted the room.

In her hurry ſhe dropt a letter: Bedley immediately ſeized it, imagining that the contents might give him the deſired information, and haſtily peruſed it.

The information that he received was pleaſing and it was painful. The letter was written by lady Dawſon herſelf to a favorite female friend, but unfiniſhed: it contained many pathetic complaints of ſir Charles's declining affection, of his increaſing indifference, of his frequent wanderings, and leaving her with a man, who was but too agreeable to her. In fine, the Col. made diſcoveries which flattered his vanity greatly, but which gave conſiderable diſquiet. They raiſed a fierce contention in his breaſt between love and honour, and the conflicts which he endured from the violence of their oppoſition to each other were hardly to be ſupported.

Lady Dawſon miſſing her letter ſoon after ſhe got to her dreſſing-room was not a little alarmed, fearing it had fallen into his hands, from whom ſhe wiſhed particularly to have it concealed. Recollecting that ſhe had been reading it juſt before the Col. had ſurpriſed her in tears, ſhe haſtened inſtantly to the parlour. Bedley gently ſeizing her hand, begged her to ſit down and hear him, and did not beg in vain. He then preſenting the letter to her, intreated her upon his knees, and in the moſt perſuaſive accents to pardon an impertinence of which he would not have been guilty, if he had not been anxiouſly deſirous of knowing what had occaſioned her tears and ſighs which pierced him to the ſoul.

His pleadings were ſucceſsful; he was pardoned for the gratification of his curioſity: he was not only forgiven but received the moſt flattering encouragements. Intoxicated by his ſucceſs his ſenſe of honour grew weaker and weaker every hour, and he was in a ſhort time, totally under the dominion of the moſt ungovernable of all paſſions.

In the midſt of theſe animating hopes, the Col. met with a ſevere repulſe, juſt when he thought of being, (in the language of poetry) "bleſt as the immortal Gods:" In a very tender Tete a Tete, lady Dawſon almoſt overpowered by his inſinuating approaches, broke from him, to her, as well as to his aſtoniſhment. She could not help wondering at herſelf as ſoon as ſhe was alone in her own apartment, on having had reſolution enough to preſerve her marriage vow inviolate, when ſhe was ſo ſtrongly prompted to infringe it.

The Col. when he recovered from the ſurpriſe from which lady Dawſon's abrupt departure had thrown him, was by the inſtantaneous return of his reaſon impelled to applaud her conduct, and to condemn his own.

Conſcious of having acted an ungenerous part, by availing himſelf of her partiality in his favor to ſeduce her from her fidelity to a man whom he called his friend, and his friend, and afraid to truſt himſelf again in her company, he ordered his ſervant to ſaddle his horſe immediately and determined to ſet off without riſquing the loſs of his honour by another interview.

Lady Dawſon was at firſt both piqued and concerned at the Colonel's precipitate retreat, but on a little recollection rejoiced at her narrow eſcape, when her virtue was in the moſt imminent danger.

In this ſituation a lady of her acquaintance found her, and eaſily prevailed on her to accompany her to a play, with an agreeable party of both ſexes.

Soon after ſhe was ſeated in the Theatre, a very handſome girl ſeated near her attracted her attention; it was attracted by the brilliancy of her beauty; and as ſhe was dreſſed in a ſhabby genteel ſtyle throughout, the *Diamond Pin*, which glittered upon her forehead, ſeemed to be entirely miſplaced.

It was quite natural for lady Dawſon to make enquiries after a girl who made ſo ſingular an appearance, but the anſwers which ſhe received to them rendered her unable to reliſh the entertainments of the evening. The girl was one of ſir Charles's miſtreſſes. The intelligence was galling enough, but the *Diamond Pin* was a ſight particularly mortifying.

Lady Dawſon was deſtined however to ſtill greater mortification: for while the huſband of the lady who had invited her to the play was handing her into his carriage, ſhe ſaw ſir Charles putting the girl who had ſo much diſturbed her into a poſt chaiſe.

On her return to Dawſon Grove ſhe was not a little ſurpriſed to find Col. Bedley ſitting in the parlour, but ſhe was not a little pleaſed. The remembrance of the tender ſcene between them had powerfully operated upon her during her ride to the Theatre—the unexpected *rencontre* there had totally extinguiſhed the ſmall remains of her regard for ſir Charles.

The return of the Col. was occaſioned by the failure of his reſolution before he rode many miles. His paſſion for lady Dawſon became ſo troubleſome, ſo intolerable, that he could not proceed on his journey, and as ſhe had by tearing herſelf away from his arms at a very critical juncture, ſufficiently induced him to believe that ſhe would hardly be able to make reſiſtance to another artful, ſpirited attack, he wheeled about and pointed his horſe's head to his friend's houſe, with the moſt unfriendly intention.

"——How weak is *honor* when oppoſed to *love*!"

Lady Dawſon could not help expreſſing in her countenance, the pleaſure which ſhe felt at the ſight of the man who was now the unrivalled poſſeſſor of her heart. Thoſe muſt be ſtenderly acquainted with the female world, who are to be told the conqueſt of a woman's heart is a deciſive blow againſt her perſon.

The Col. reading in lady Dawſon's ſignificant eyes a confirmation of his conjectures about the ſucceſs of a ſecond attempt, was in too much haſte to enjoy the completion of his wiſhes to hazard another diſappointment by delay, he therefore exerting all the addreſs he was maſter of, and needing more, promiſed himſelf a ſpeedy ſurrender. His expectations were ſoon anſwered.

"The yielding fair one gave him perfect pleaſure."

Let the husbands who find themselves inclined to censure the lady Dawsons of this age with asperity, pity, while they blame; and endeavour to secure the constancy of their wives by a faithful attachment to them.

MATRIMONY.

OPINION OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS RESPECTING IT.

SOCRATES Says, Whether you marry, my friend, or whether you marry not, that is your affair and not mine; but, which-ever of these resolutions you fix on, you will, every day of your life, have at least five-and-twenty reasons to repent. If you do not take a wife, you will be incessantly troubling yourself and your friends about the inconveniencies of a single condition. Your imagination will seem to want its object; you will be officiously painting the happiness that you imagine to exist only in marriage; and you will sigh that you are not in the way of partaking of it. If you do marry, you will scarcely be in possession of your wife, before you will wish that you had none. Weary of enjoying that which costs you no previous trouble to obtain, incommoded by the cries of children, or tormented by family altercations, or else ruined by insupportable expences, you will cast a longing, lingering look at your former condition: You will vainly wish that you had been wise enough not to buckle on your back so unprofitable a burthen.

Diogenes. This philosopher says, with a smile, If you are young, my friend, it is too soon for you to marry, because Liberty is the first, sweetest, and greatest of goods; and he must be a blockhead indeed who deprives himself of this blessing in the bloom of his days. If, on the contrary, you are old, it is too late for you to marry. Alas! what will you do with a wife! What folly it is to add a weight to that edifice which is already tumbling to ruin! Take my advice, friend; neither marry or let it alone. Remain in suspence at least till to-morrow, and death will settle the matter.

Euripides. A wife, (says he) is man's softest consolation in sickness and in health. In the mixture of good and evil which constitutes life, she divides the one, and increases the other.—Her cares are diligent, and often successful.

ANECDOTE.

Extracted from the Republican Francois, the 14th Ventose, (4th March.)

A FACT is now reported, which gives a shocking idea of the ferociousness of the monster who had succeeded in subjugating all France. Trial, a comedian, and at the same time a magistrate of the people, as was Collot d'Herbois, declared, some minutes before his death, that he died convulsed with remorse for having caused the execution of madame de St. Amaranthe, her beautiful daughter, Madame de Sartine, her son aged 10 years, her whole family, and many of their friends. It happened in the following manner:—Robespierre and Trial were admitted into madame de Amaranthe's house, and were frequently there entertained at dinner. One day Robespierre, intoxicated with liquor, spoke with much indiscretion, and even disclosed some of his purposes in presence of some of the guests and attendants. The next morning, Trial came, with eagerness to Robespierre, to remonstrate upon the imprudence he had committed, and exposed to him the dangers he might run by such an indiscretion. Robespierre paused a moment, then only said to Trial, "be not uneasy." Two days after, the whole family and all the servants were guillotined.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

PANEGYRIC ON

COLUMBIA.

HEAVENS! what a noble prospect is before us,
Of hills, and vales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
Of fertile fields that stretch beyond the sight,
Where nervous rustics cleave the tufted surface,
Extracting thence our riches, and our grandeur.
The lofty oaks that deck the mountains' brow,
And murm'ring riv'lets winding to and fro,
In majesty sublime! till all the extending landscape
Into mist decays! Happy Columbia! thrice happy!
Where the queen of arts, inspiring vigour, in thy sons;
And liberty throughout thy pond'rous bounds
Walks unconfin'd, even to remotest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Thy cities crowded with the sons of art,
And trade and joy in ev'ry street are heard,
Thy markets flush with plenty, and to spare,
To nourish Gallic heroes; and to feed the meager Britain.
Thy crowded ports, an endless prospect yield,
Of rising masts, and silken pennants,
Echoing to the shouts of hurry'd sailor, as he waves
His last adieu, and, dilating ev'ry sheet,
Resigns the expanded vessel to the wind.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

A CHARACTER.

PEREGRINE PUZZLE possesses about three hundred a year in the funds, which he spends to the last farthing by the end of the year and takes care not to run one farthing in debt. In this particular he may be similar to some few, but in every other respect there is scarce another being on earth that resembles him. Indeed the sole object of his attention is to deviate in every thing from all the world. His dress is studiously unfashionable; and you may always trace a retrospective mode of at least ten years in the cut of his coat and the cock of his hat. His shoes are square toed, his hose yellow, and his breeches come not below his knees. His bed is in his dining room and he receives his company in his bed chamber. He seldom goes out in fine weather, but when it rains plenteously, is constantly upon the tramp till it becomes fair. In Summer he may be observed close buttoned up in his surtout walking on the sunny side of the street with the strongest thick leather gloves on; and in Winter when the cold is excessive, without his coat, and his waistcoat and shirt collar unbuttoned, fanning himself with his hat. He eats beef steaks for breakfast and drinks coffee for dinner. He goes to rest at five in the afternoon and rises at three in the morning. He reads Moliere in English and Milton in French. He never has his face completely shaved; at one time his upper lip bespeaks him a Jew, at another his chin announces a Mussulman. He drinks wine to his meals, and porter to his pipe. He prefers mutton to venison, and a red herring to a turbot. In conversation he never agrees with any man, and if his opponent should at length agree with him, he he then takes the opposite side of the question to reconfute him. His chief food consists of vegetables in winter, and high dishes in summer. Being at a coffee house taken for another person, he asked the gentleman who made the mistake, if there was any one in the city like himself? and being answered there was, he immediately went home and changed his dress from top to toe; then returned and asked the same person, if any one resembled him now? no, really sir, that is impossible. This reply restored him to his former tranquility of mind. V. I. I.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

QUESTION.

What is that which was produced by nature soon after the creation, and is at once our enemy and benefactor; possessed of such invincible resolution, that tho' we daily overcome and for a while destroy it, yet it as constantly attacks us with as much fury as ever, and would speedily if not vigorously continually opposed terminate our existence: Its power is so great as to become a common proverb.

[Solution requested.] ROGO.

A REBUS.

TO a part of what landlords ne'er wish to resign
Add the half of a name, for books droll, or divine;
Then annex in right order two thirds of a home
By great ones look'd on—the palace of fame.
For happiness sometimes will frolicksome rove,
And a poor man inhabit with peace, health, and love;
Next carefully cull and with caution arrange
Two vowels important in trade, and exchange;
And last the initial of one mighty word
Must be tack'd t' accomplish what lately occur'd,
What here gave us blessings unrival'd on earth!
From whose date, all we prize boasts its glorious birth,
France, and Holland with rapture its wonders proclaim,
And "who dare to be free" re-echo its name,
May England e'er long rend the air with the soulful,
And tyranny's agents in ashes be found,
While the cit, not the subject, its influence sings
O'er the fall of ARISTOCRATS, TRAITORS, and KINGS.

The MISER.

FROM THE SPANISH.

THIS breathing mummy, in forming which nature deigned to imitate the art that displays itself in pasteboard figures; this breathing mummy, which, by the cunning of the curious architect, seems to move its hands and feet; this breathing mummy is the figure of Filippo Narino, who never wore neither shoes or clothes that were new, or had a new hat upon his head, and who has a hundred thousand at usury. Look, as he moves, at the mantle full of holes, and all in tatters, which he has mended himself, with three needlefuls of white thread, and which looks now as if it was made of Sir John Cutler's stockings. So it is with the shirt he has worn for fourteen years, without ever fairly taking it off; you will not find a shred in it that was there in the linen draper's shop. This fellow's common meal is boiled bread, with now and then three farthings worth of oxcheek, and at Christmasses and Easters one poached egg.

EPIGRAM—*from Marshal.*

SINCE you so much resemble one another
In your bad lives and ways, what makes this pother?
She the worst wife, the worst of husbands he,
I wonder why the plague they can't agree!

ANECDOTE.

A Military gentleman coming to Foote in an elegant new Phæton, at parting desired Foote would come to the door just to look at it: "'Tis a pretty thing," said the son of Mars, "and I have it on a new plan."—"Before I set my eyes on it," said Foote, "my dear fr' 1, I am afraid you have it on the *old plan*— pay for it."

Philadelphia, *July* 11.

Sunday laſt arrived here the ſhip Adriana, Capt. Clapp, in 37 days from London. The following intelligence was extracted from the Courier and the Morning Chronicle, to the 13th May.

The Diana, Capt. Maſon, from Philadelphia, arrived at London the 13th of May.

The brig Rebecca, for Philadelphia, was to ſail a few days after the Adriana. The accommodations were engaged for the ſiſter of Mr. Grattan and family.

Capt. Stephenſon arrived at New-York from Guadaloupe and St. Thomas, informs, that about the 1ſt of June, a French ſloop of war (formerly called the Lovely Laſſ) was ſunk in Seal-rock paſſage, by a broadſide from the Alarm frigate.

At Guadaloupe, the ſame ſyſtem of terror and bloodſhed is continued by the Notorious Victor Hughes; during capt. Stevenſon's ſtay there, numbers were guilloticed upon the moſt frivolous pretences.

Capt. Stevenſon mentions, that the naval force at Guadaloupe was conſiderable——not a ſingle prize had arrived while he remained at Guadaloupe, except two or three Americans, whoſe cargoes were condemned, and not a ſhilling of freight paid them.

While Capt. Stevenſon remained at St. Thomas, certain intelligence was received, that Demarara had been taken poſſeſſion of by the Britiſh.

Extract of a letter from Havre, dated May 24.

"Laſt evening a courier arrived from Paris by whom we learn, that a mob of men and women entered the Hall of the Convention and aſſaulted the deputies; they cut off the head of Ferraud, (one of the members) mounted it upon a pike and placed it before the Preſident and members of the Convention. One of the deputies was ſhot by the rioters, who treated the National Repreſentatives with every mark of indignation.

"At this time, when the Convention was under the influence of the mob, they were forced much againſt their will to paſs ſeveral unjuſt and improper decrees; the two principal of which are, to ſet at liberty every perſon under arreſt, and to out-law all perſons who were confined at the death of Robeſpierre, and who were ſet at liberty by his ſucceſſors.

"Fortunately at this moment the national guards aſſembled, appeared in the Hall of the Convention, diſperſed the rioters, and put ſeveral of them to the ſword; by which means the Convention was ſet at liberty.

"As ſoon as the mob was repulſed, the National Convention made a report of the decrees paſſed by force, and put under arreſt ſeveral members who were friends of Robeſpierre and leaders of the Jacobins; they are Albite, Carpentier, Rhue, Prieur de la Marne, Duqueſnoy, and ſeveral others, who were ſent immediately to the Revolutionary Tribunal for trial.

"At the time the courier left Paris, the general was then beating, and national guards under arms."

ALEXANDRIA, July 2.

Captain Hamilton of the Snow Polly, arrived here yeſterday from Liſbon. Capt. Hamilton left Liſbon the 13th of May. He informs us that Sir Edward Pellew, commander of the Indefatigable an Engliſh frigate of 40 guns, and celebrated for his cruiſes againſt the French, had arrived at Liſbon juſt before he ſailed, with all pumps going, having run on the rocks of cape Finiſterre in chaſe of ſome French ſhips.

The account not long ſince publiſhed of the Emperor of Morocco, Muley Soliman, having authoriſed his veſſels to capture thoſe of Americans muſt be premature. The firſt information capt. H. had of it was by an American veſſel arrived at Liſbon from Norfolk. From the vigilance of the Portugueſe ſquadron there was little apprehenſion of the Algerines.

LONDON May 9.

Extract of a letter from Breman, May 2.

"I was informed this morning, from good authority, that war between Ruſſia and Pruſſia is unavoidable; and this afternoon word has been ſent me by the Poſt-maſters of its having been already declared. There is every reaſon to believe that Auſtria will attach herſelf to the Empreſs, and that Europe will not ſo ſoon be at peace as was expected."

A letter from Frankfort, dated April 28, mentions the great probability of an immediate rupture between Ruſſia and Pruſſia; that Auſtria will join Ruſſia; that the preparations on the part of Auſtria for the campaign are excellent, and carried on with the greateſt activity; and that particularly the department of proviſions is managed with great ſkill and no danger of any want being experienced. The ſame letter alſo mentions the affair of the Imperial loan as certainly ſettled; and that large ſums had been negociated there on account of it.

A letter from Vienna, of the date of the 23d ult. has the following article: "A courier arrived on the 19th, diſpatched on the 13th by Count Carletti, Miniſter Plenipotentiary of Tuſcany; ſince which it is currently reported that it will not be long ere a pacification takes place between Auſtria and France. On the 20th a Courier was diſpatched to the Count de Pergen, who is now in London. It contains they ſay an order to repair to Baſle on his return from England.

Mr. James Banks Robiſon, late Maſter of his Majeſty's ſhip Alexander, arrived on Tueſday night at the admiralty from Breſt.

Mr. Robinſon mentions, that he received a paſſport on the 23d ult. when he immediately embarked on board an American ſhip; but an embargo on all neutral veſſels prevented their departure till the 3d inſt.

He ſtates, that on Friday the 2d inſt. five ſhips of the line, ſix or eight frigates, &c. with a convoy of about forty or fifty merchantmen, ſailed from Breſt harbour, bound as Mr. Robinſon believes for Bourdeaux and Havre de Grace. This ſquadron had a flag officer on board.

Mr. Robinſon on the 4th inſt. ſpoke an American ſhip, Uſhant then bearing S. E. about 10 leagues diſtance, who informed him that he had paſſed through both the Engliſh and French fleets the preceding evening; that the former had captured a French line of battle ſhip, and that they were then in chaſe of the other ſhips of war and merchantmen.

There is the greateſt appearance of a famine in France. No veſſel of any denomination had arrived at Breſt with ſupplies. Bread was ſo ſcarce on the day of Mr. Robinſon's departure, that the French were obliged to land the flour from the ſhipping for the ſuſtenance of the troops, inhabitants, and priſoners. Rice was then at ſix livres per D. and all other neceſſaries, in proportion.

The French have made an example of ſeveral of their officers who commanded in the late engagement with Admiral Hotham in the Mediterranean. We underſtand that the French Admiral, Martin, and five other ſuperior officers, have been guillotined at Toulon. Their trials, we preſume, did not take up much unneceſſary time.

Yeſterday morning we had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the return of three companies of the Guards, amounting to about 180 men. His majeſty went to welcome the brave but unfortunate men on their arrival; and rode at their head into town, the band playing the tune of "See, the Conquering Hero comes." It is impoſſible to deſcribe their tattered condition, but the men, as well as their female followers, appeared healthy; and joy animated every feature on their return to Old England. The king ſhook every one of them heartily by the hand.

The Hamburg Mail of the 20th ult. arrived yeſterday. it brings little intelligence of importance. There is a report at Franckfort, that a ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities has taken place between the French and the Auſtrians.

Yeſterday Mr. Maſon arrived at the Horſe Guards with diſpatches from Lieut. Gen. Dundas, dated at Diepholſt the 30th ultimo. Nothing material had occurred. The Britiſh troops were about to retire from the Pruſſian Territory, in conſequence of the late Treaty between his Pruſſian Majeſty and the French republic.

May 14.

A letter was read at Lloyd's this morning, from the American Conſul at Paris to the American Reſident at Dunkirk, informing him that the American Conſul at Liſbon had communicated to him the intelligence of a Treaty of Peace having been concluded between the Dey of Algiers and Portugal through the mediation of the Courts of London and Madrid.

May 16.

We received this morning a regular ſeries of Paris papers, from the 6th to the 12th inſt. excluſive.—Their contents are not very important; they relate chiefly to the internal ſituation of the French Republic; to the plans which the Convention mean to adopt for the purpoſe of giving energy and ſtability to the government; of reconciling the Liberty of the people with obedience to the laws; of communicating vigour to the different parts of the republic, and of producing harmony and co-operation between the whole; of reſtoring animation to agriculture, vigour to commerce, and credit to the finances.

The Preſident WASHINGTON, our readers will rejoice is well. We do not find that his *civil liſt* is ſo much in arrears, as to render an application to Congreſs neceſſary; nor have we diſcovered, that he has ſent any recommendation to Congreſs, to impoſe a heavy burthen upon the people, for the purpoſe of diſcharging the debts of an extravagant relation.

PARIS, May 2.

The German papers announce that Baron de Buchler, the miniſter of the Duke of Wurtemberg near the court of Vienna, delivered a note, declaring "that the duke, in the critical ſituation his country was reduced to by the war, had ſent a miniſter to Baſil with orders to treat for a ſeparate peace with the French commiſſioners in that city."

The Landgrave of Heſſe Caſſel and the duke of Brunſwick have cauſed ſimilar declarations to be laid before the Emperor.

May 4.

The States General ſolicit a treaty with the Republic. We want flour, Ships and gold; they offer to ſupply us; but it is aſſerted that the committee of public ſafety inſiſts on the ceſſion of Sealand, and that that they refuſe to ſubſcribe to this condition which is injurious to the indiviſibility of the United Provinces, and tends to cramp their commerce and liberty.

Married lately, Mr. Peter Beck, to Miſs Eliza Eckart, both of this city.

—DIED—

Sarah Hornor, wife of Benjamin Hornor, in the 55th year of her age; ſhe was a religious, good woman, whoſe uſeful life will long be remembered with reſpect by all her acquaintance.

Elizabeth Coates Greeves, wife of Thomas Greeves.

Court of Apollo.

ANTHEM,

For the Fourth of July.

WITH songs of honour chanting high,
Your grateful voices raise;
Fair *Freedom* lights the Western sky
And claims your tuneful lays.

No more beneath the oppressive hand
Of Tyranny we groan;
Behold, a smiling happy land
That *Freedom* calls her own.

Come celebrate with Song and Praise,
The day which makes us *Free*;
Let Harmony her Notes upraise
To sing our *Jubilee*.

All hail the bleſt auſpicious day,
And every heart agree
To praiſe, and joyous honours pay
To this our *Jubilee*.

THE HOPE OF THE HEART.

DARK was the night, and o'er the ſilent main
With ſounding wings horrific tempeſts ſwept;
When *Mora* re-aſſumed her artleſs ſtrain—
And as ſhe ſang, moſt heartily ſhe wept.

Her ſong, th' effuſion of pure *love* alone,
Abſorb'd in tendreſt, her melting ſoul;
Each ſtring ſhe finger'd warbled to a tone
That from her boſom delicately ſtole.

[illegible] ſang, of paſt [illegible] youth
No more on Neptune's reſtleſs benighted ſtray;
Remember all thy ſacred vows of Truth,
That fill'd the pathos of thy bridal lay.

Recall the ſoul, ineffable delight,
That guſh'd impetuous thro' thy glowing veins,
When to your arms I took my rapid flight,
And there found eaſe to *Love's* diſtreſs'd pains.

To wail thine abſence, ſpeedily I riſe,
Ere Heſperus precedes Aurora's car;
At eve I ſtrain my ever anxious eyes
Wide o'er the ſeas to view thy bark a-far.

Thy portly form in all my dreams I ſee,
Thy vermel cheeks, keen eyes, and raven hair,
Ruſh on my ſight—but with the morning flee
As ſwift as dew-drops vaniſh into air.

Awake, I view thy portrait on my breaſt,
Bathe it with tears enamor'd o'er and o'er;
Kiſs it, delightedly—then ſink to reſt;
And pray the Gods thy preſence to reſtore.

Oh! launch thy bark! the thirſt of wealth contemn!
Come, harbor ſafely in thy conſort's arms!
Leave to avaricious hordes of men
Mines unexplor'd, which, op'd, ſhoot dazzling charms.

Come, taſte the raptures of domeſtic joy!
Come, view thy living images of love!
Come, and th' allotted hours of life employ
The valu'd graces of the mind t' improve.

Enough haſt thou ſuſtain'd of warring winds;
Long have thy locks imbib'd the midnight dews;
Long haſt thou felt diſtreſs of different kinds,
Deplor'd by me, lamented by my muſe.

Come! and may heav'nly benigns attend
Thy agile paſſage to old England's ſhores:
For thou alone art my endearing friend,
My ſoul's delight, and all my earthly ſtore.

CURIOUS PERMISSION,

Given to Poulthier D'Elmotte, by the Sieur Le Noire, intendant of the police, under the old government of France:—

"*I permit you to write againſt the Deity, but not againſt Maurepas; againſt Religion, but not againſt Government; againſt the Apoſtles, but not againſt Miniſters; againſt the Saints but not againſt the Ladies of the Court: againſt Morals, but not againſt the Police.*" *This we have on the authority of M. D'Elmotte himſelf, in the ſixth number of the Baſtile Devoile.*"

The MEDDLER.

YOUTH *is certainly the ſeaſon for embracing the golden opportunity of improvement, and imbibing principles which will adorn, and give an uſeful dignity to the man. The breaſt free from every inquietude is never expoſed to the intruſion of thoſe cares, which are the troubleſome viſitants of manhood. It is left at leiſure to do good, and apply to thoſe purſuits which will render their followers more uſeful, virtuous and conſpicuous actors on the extenſive theatre of human life. It is poſſeſſed of a ſprightly vigor for the attainment of knowledge, aſſiſted by ambition and a generous, glowing emulation, which animate moſt ſtrongly to the purſuit. The imagination though not ſo ſtrong and faithful, is yet more lively and active than in manhood, and better fitted to make its wanton excurſions into the fields of ſcience, and cull the choiceſt flowers they can boaſt.*

As Youth is favored by Nature with great advantages in the acquiſition of knowledge, and great openings for improvement; it is at the ſame time expoſed to frailties and errors, from which a more advanced age is totally exempt.

Through a love of novelty it is prone to join in every purſuit, and thereby not only the virtues than the vices of its aſſociates, and like a mirror receives and reflects whatever object is before it, whether the image be inviting by its beauty or forbidden by its deformity.

The frailty of youth often gives way to vicious habits, which extend their influence to the remoteſt ſcenes of life. Like characters engraved on the tender bark, which open and appear more plain as the tree grows larger, theſe habits will have a more palpable and unbecoming appearance as nearer approaches are made to the cloſing ſcences of life. It muſt certainly be the wiſh of every rational creature to ſpend the latter part of his days with ſatisfaction and comfort: This can never be the caſe unleſs an attentive regard be paid to the conduct in the firſt part of the drama, to ſee that every thing may be properly carried on; for a Youth of irregularity entails miſery on old age, renders it a burden to itſelf, and to others an object of pity and diſguſt.

How happy and bliſsful muſt be the laſt days of him whoſe youth has been ſpent with propriety. The review of that part of life which will obtain a ſmile of applauſe from the conſcience, will enliven the proſpect of thoſe fields which are yet to be paſſed in the journey and make them both pleaſing and inviting.

Children like tender oziers take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhioned always grow.

How particularly attentive then ſhould parents be to the junior years of their children—to inſtil into their minds the principles of virtue and morality and to watch over their actions, and prevent them from too haſtily forming puerile connections.

CHARACTER of GENERAL WASHINGTON.

From the firſt volume of Street's hiſtory of the reign of Louis XVI.

Of this, the firſt opportunity that has been afforded of mentioning Gen. Waſhington, *I avail myſelf, to offer, at the ſhrine of his virtues that tribute which is due to them from every human being. But, to that character, which leaves imitation at ſuch an immeaſurable diſtance behind it, to thoſe qualities which concenter every thing that is great, and every thing that is good, every thing that is virtuous, and every thing that is noble, it will ſcarcely diſparage the abilities of any man to confeſs his total inability to do adequate juſtice. In the contemplation of General* Waſhington's *atchievements, the mind, dazzled by their ſplendour, loſes every power but that of wonder and admiration. What a great ſtateſman* once ſaid, "that, compared with him, all the Sovereigns in Europe, our own excepted, were paltry and contemptible," will ſurely by none be deemed extravagant; by many will be conſidered as puny praiſe. Puny praiſe I certainly muſt think it is, when, among theſe Sovereigns, I find ſuch men as the preſent King of* Pruſſia *and the Emperor of* Germany; *and when I cannot diſcover one, our own excepted, whoſe conduct is influenced by a regard for the welfare, and the proſperity of his people.‡*

* *Mr. Fox.*

‡ *If the King of Poland ſhould be cited as an exception, I reply fearleſsly that I have not beheld a ſufficient degree of firmneſs in his character, to entitle him to the honour of being compared with General* Waſhington. *I ſincerely hope, however, that his Majeſty's conduct, in the preſent glorious ſtruggle for liberty, will furniſh me with cauſe for altering my opinion.*

IN the 15th century, during the civil wars between the factions in the Netherlands, then known by the names of the Hoecks and Cibillinux, the former, after a long ſiege, captured the city of Shoonhoven, fortified by the obſtinate reſiſtance of Albert Baling, the governor, they condemned him to be buried alive. Albert ſolicited the delay of a month, in order to ſettle his affairs. He obtained it: and, upon giving his word of honor to return, was liberated from priſon. When the term expired, he returned, and ſubmitted to his ſentence.

Some time after this, the inhabitants of Amersfort, who were attached to the party of the Cibillinux, beſieged the other party in a ſmall town called Baidwell. John Van Shaffelaar, and nineteen of his companions, perſiſted in defending the church, which had been aſſigned to them as a poſt. At laſt, the inutility of their efforts reduced theſe brave men to the neceſſity of demanding a capitulation.—The beſiegers anſwered that they ſhould expect no quarter, till they had precipitated their commander from a tower. Fired with indignation at this propoſal, the heroic band reſolved rather to periſh, than be diſhonoured by ſuch an action; but John Van Shaffelaar, who knew the implacable hatred of the people of Amersfort, voluntarily aſcended the tower:—

"*My friends,*" *ſaid he,* "*I muſt die once and will not be the cauſe of your deſtruction.*"—*He inſtantly threw himſelf down: His enemies received him on the points of their lances, diſpatched him, and gave quarter to his comrades.*

☞ *This Office will be removed on Monday next, to No. 224, Market-Street, (ſouth ſide) two doors from the corner of Seventh-Street, where a continuation of public patronage is reſpectfully ſolicited.*